or mee Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee prethee be not angrie,
Kate. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. I marrie sir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be maide a foole
If she had not a spirit to resist,
Pet. They shall go forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household-stuffe, my field my barne,
My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,
And heere shee stands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, wee are beset with theeues,
Rescue thy mistresse if thou be a man:
Feare not sweete wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile Buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt. P. K.*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride and Bridegroom
For to supply the places at the table, (want
You know there wants no iunckets at the feast:
Lucentio you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.

Tra.

Tra. Shall sweete *Bianca* pract
Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come
Enter Grumio.
Gru. Fie fie on all tired Iades, o
waies: was euer man so beaten? w
man so weary? I am sent before to
ming after to warme them: now w
hot, my very lippes might freeze
roofe of my mouth, my heart in m
a fire to thaw mee, but I with blo
selfe: for considering the weather
cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.
Enter Curtis.
Curt. Who is that calls so coldl
Gru. A peece of Ice: if thou do
my shoulder to my heele, with no
my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.
Cur. Is my master and his wife c
Gru. Oh I *Burtis* I, and therefo
Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she'
Gru. She was good *Curtis* befor
winter tames man, woman, and be
master, and my new mistris, and my
Cur. Away you three inch foole
Gru. Am I but three inches? W
long am I at the least. But wilt tho
plaine on thee to our mistris, who
nand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy
in thy hot office.
Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, te
Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euer
fore fire: doe thy dutie, and haue t
mistris are almost frozen to death.
Cur. There's fire readie, and there
Gru. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, an
Cur. Come, you are so full of co
Gru. Why therefore fire, for I
Where's the Cooke, is supper read

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